

eventful life closed January 16, 1899, he being at the time, 91 years, 8 months and 14 days of age.

Father Wilson was twice married. First to Elizabeth R. Perkins, at New London, Conn., in 1835. To this union were born three children, one son and two daughters, the son alone surviving him. The mother of these children died and was buried in this vicinity, in 1864. Two years later he was again married, this time to Maria P. Cripe. She had been a widow, and was the mother of three children, two sons and one daughter. These he adopted and cared for as if they had been his own flesh and blood, and they also survived him. Their mother died in January, 1894, since which time he has lived much alone, until Mrs. Foster and her family came to live on his farm. This family has loved and cared for him in health and in sickness as tenderly as if he were the father in it, and he was keenly appreciative of the kindness thus shown him. Besides the relatives mentioned, he has had eleven grandchildren, not many of whom are now living, and also a number of great-grandchildren.

He became a resident of this locality 41 years ago, in 1858, and during this time, has been intimately associated with every cause having godliness and morality for its subject. Tho of foreign birth he was intensely American, believing in, and standing for the support of our common country and its institutions.

He was a born Lutheran, and was confirmed into that faith when 15 years of age. His was a distinctively religious temperament, partly, no doubt by inheritance, but largely by study and self culture. He has for many years been much given to the study of God's word, and it has left its indelible impress upon him. In 1849 we find one impression of his religious nature, in his coming to what is now Stockton. With three companions he had kept up prayer meetings on board ship, all the way around Cape Horn, and when they landed, and were about to separate, they agreed that there must be one more season of prayer together. They found a favorable spot under an oak tree in what is now the very heart of Stockton, and under its spreading branches they knelt, holding the first prayer meeting ever held within the limits of the city. Prayers over, the farewells were said and these devoted men never met again in this world. His study of the scriptures early convinced him that simply being well acquainted with his catechism, was not enough to insure salvation, and that allegiance to God must be real and personal. He gave that allegiance many years ago, and was afterwards baptized in New York City, and received into the Baptist church. Later he united with the M. E. church because of his wife's preference for that people. He often remarked to me that he never felt quite satisfied during those years because it seemed to him that the whole New Testament scriptures should be fully obeyed, and this he felt he had not done. In the autumn of 1895, he asked for and received baptism by the

Apostolic mode, trine immersion, and united with the Brethren church at Lathrop, in whose communion he thenceforward lived and died. He loved the church and her doctrines, declaring that in them he had that perfect peace, after which he had in all previous years been seeking. He was an ardent believer in the power of prayer, and spent much time upon his knees. In his petitions, no one of his acquaintances was forgotten, and God has heard from his lips and heart, many a plea in your behalf and mine. For he had an intense longing for such a revival here, as would bring unto the Lord, the whole community. For more than a year this request has daily been made by him and the pain of his last illness did not prevent its continuance, for he was much in prayer, while waiting for his final summons. His keenest pleasure was in Christian associations. These to him were a foretaste of heaven's joys. He shall be sadly missed by his Christian friends, but he has gone home, where he waits for and beckons to one and all. May his soul rest in peace, and may blessings attend his memory.

MARTIN SHIVELY.

Ingersoll's Eulogy on Whisky

Selected.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast, or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect day. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

DOCTOR BUCKLEY'S REPLY

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling' and 'wounds without cause,' 'your eyes shall behold strange women,' and 'your heart shall utter perverse things.' Drink it deep, and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck, and seize you with their fangs; for 'at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'

For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' And yet I call myself your friend."

Fifty Dollars or Fifty Cents

The following story from one of our exchanges we feel sure will be found interesting and helpful to our readers:

There is on the borders of the Connecticut a small town, which, tho weak and feeble, still, with the help of a "home missionary society," supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship. About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal and by other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer meeting, but from a pecuniary point of view he was not considered important.

It was the custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and then get the balance from the home missionary society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A., a man of considerable penuriousness, started forth with subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of the minister.

The first person he met was the above mentioned coal carter, moving along the road with a cartload of that material. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute, seeing that he was a good sort of person, and every little helps, and so accosted him with "Good morning, Mr. B., are you willing to give anything toward the support of the pastor?" at the same time handing him the paper. The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-begrimed hand he headed the list with the sum of fifty dollars.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes, and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take the advantage of him, he asked him: "Did you mean that for fifty cents?" The coal carter turned, drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied: "I do not value the gospel at fifty cents a year."

The answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said: "If that man can give fifty dollars a year I can give five hundred."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the parish on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

At how much do you "value the gospel?" for upon the answer may depend your fate for eternity.